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SERMON

PREACHED IN THE

CHURCH IN BRATTLE SQUARE,

JANUARY 9TH, 1853,

THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF

AMOS LAWRENCE.

BY THE PASTOR OF THAT CHURCH,

S. K. LOTHROP, D. D.

BOSTON:
1853.
EASTBURN'S PRESS.

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The Moral Power of Character.

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Boston, January 13th, 1853.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Proprietors of the Church in Brattle Square, holden January 11th, 1853; it was

Voted, That Messrs. Dale, Jenks and Thacher, be a Committee to request of the Rev. Dr. Lothrop for publication, a copy of the very appropriate discourse preached by him on the ninth instant, upon the life and character of the late Amos Lawrence, for a long time one of the Deacons of the Church.

In conformity with the foregoing vote, we respectfully request the manuscript copy of the sermon for publication.

With high regard,

We are yours,

Ebenezer Dale,
John H. Jenks,
George M. Thacher, } *Committee.*

To the Rev. S. K. Lothrop, D.D.

Court Street, January 20th, 1853.

Gentlemen:

In compliance with the request of the Standing Committee of the Society in Brattle Square, transmitted through you, I send the manuscript of the sermon preached by me on the ninth instant. Some more perfect and worthy tribute to the memory of Amos Lawrence, going into the details of his life and character, his charities and his correspondence will, I understand, be prepared. Not wishing to encroach at all upon the province of this contemplated work, and not feeling at liberty to do so, I omit all that I might have added in the shape of notes, from my own knowledge and correspondence with him, that would have given increased interest and value to this sermon. Imperfect as it is, however, I cheerfully place it at the disposal of the Committee.

Respectfully, yours,

S. K. Lothrop.

To Messrs. E. Dale, J. H. Jenks and G. M. Thacher.

SERMON.

ROMANS, XIV.—17.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

THE truth thus emphatically stated by the Apostle, is founded upon the social nature and the mutual relations of men. We are linked together in life and in death by a common and indistructible bond. No man can so separate himself from his fellows as to stand alone. While his sympathies lead him to society, his necessities bind him to it and make him dependent upon it. We fly to one another for support. Our benevolent and our selfish affections, our happiness and our interests alike prompt to this. Society is founded upon this principle of mutual dependence; and we test its healthy condition by the extent to which its different classes recognize and feel it. The relations between these classes are happy, their reciprocal influ-

ence is beneficial, the movement of the whole is harmonious and easy, just in proportion as all are pervaded by this sentiment of mutual dependence and mutual obligation. The merchant is dependent upon the youngest apprentice to whom he gives food and clothing. He has duties and obligations to that apprentice, which he may no more innocently neglect than he may neglect integrity in his largest negotiations. And that apprentice has his place and power, a work to do, a duty to discharge; and if he fail or do wrong, he suffers not alone; his employer suffers not alone; the injury may be felt from the centre to the verge of the commercial world.

In material affairs, in outward relations, our mutual dependence, the extent to which we may aid or injure one another is so obvious, that few fail to perceive it. As the statement of a general principle, the text includes these, but its special reference is to things moral and spiritual, to that influence of soul upon soul, of mind upon mind, of example and character, which we all exert more or less, for good or ill, upon each other. In this respect we have a common power over, a common subjection to one another. We are as mutually dependent, morally and spiritually, as physically; we have more power, a wider reach of influence in the one direction than the other. The commonest day

laborer, the humblest artizan, can do more in the world and for the world, by the force of his character, by the teachings of his example, the lessons of his daily life, than by all the strength of his body or the skill of his hand.

This influence of character, of example, of soul upon soul, is among the greatest of all the influences that affect individual or social condition. A brief self-inspection would lead us to notice its power every day over ourselves, in the extent to which our own thoughts are directed, our own opinions moulded, our own characters affected by contact with the thoughts, the opinions, the characters of others. A larger survey of ourselves, of our past and present relations, would teach us that from the first whispers of maternal tenderness heard in our infancy, from the playmates of our childhood in the nursery and the school-room, onward all the way through life, we have been constantly receiving impressions and influences from others, whose power for good or evil over our characters, opinions, conduct, and through these over our social position and prospects, has been great, subtle, controlling, to an extent we neither accurately measure nor justly estimate. We should not forget that during all this time we ourselves have been imparting as well as receiving impressions, that as others are, as

it were, living and acting in us, in our characters, so we are living and acting in others, through the influence we have exerted upon their characters. We are apt to forget this. We shrink from the responsibility our influence over others involves; we endeavor to escape it by denying or disclaiming that influence. In other things, in business, politics, all purely worldly affairs, men are often proud of their power over others, boast of the controlling influence they exert over them. But remind a man of his moral power, ask him if he has done any thing for the souls of his fellow men, if a religious example has spoken through his life, and a spiritual influence gone forth from his character, if those around him are any better for his having lived among them, if he has made it one of the aims of his being to strengthen the weak, to reclaim the erring, to encourage the faint-hearted, and to help forward all whom he could in the way of duty and of everlasting life—ask him this, and you will hear no boasting of power. The individual questioned will disclaim the possession of any. He will tell you that others, whose wealth, talents, character, station, place them in the foremost ranks of the community, have influence; they can be guides, examples, helps to their fellow men; they are a city set on a hill; but as for himself he is a private individual, in an humble sphere;

with little property and less talent and no influence. He can do little or nothing for others, and is not responsible for them.

In the court of conscience and at the bar of God, this plea availeth not. We cannot escape the principle of the text by denying its application to ourselves. That principle is universal. The declaration is unqualified; "none of us liveth," that is, can or should live "to himself." Ability is the measure of duty in all things, and where much is given much will also be required; but the humblest, the most obscure and undistinguished individual, can not so live apart as that his life shall not be observed, his character not be noticed, his example not be felt, either for good or evil by others. He must make, and hour by hour he does make some impression upon the moral beings around him. Undoubtedly this plea of inability and an humble private station is often conscientiously urged, and it indicates a not unamiable state of mind; but even when conscientiously offered, it is commonly without any foundation, and is often a mere excuse for moral indolence. The world suffers full as much, I apprehend, from the modesty of the self-depreciating, as from the presumptuous self-esteem of the conceited. The latter, often, like "fools rush in where angels dare not tread," but as has been well said, "they make the path

of duty easier for the angels to follow," so that others with more force but less confidence, successfully accomplish what would never have been attempted, but for their presumption; while through the former, a great mass of talents and influence lies buried in action, and a spirit is indulged which cripples effort, paralyzes energy, and narrows the sphere of benevolent exertion.

"None of us liveth to himself." An untold power of usefulness is wrapt up in each of us. Every man, simply because he is a man, a social and moral being, becomes the centre of good or bad influences to those around him. We attach an undue importance to a prominent social position and to public life, as a means and sphere of usefulness. We mistake upon this point. I say nothing to depreciate the value of services rendered in a public station to the common good. I honor those who, with integrity unstained, and a large unselfish patriotism, have thus faithfully devoted their talents to the public service. But there are other and greater benefactors, other and greater intellectual giants and moral heroes, than those of public life. The honorable, conscientious, successful management of private affairs, in almost any of the business avocations of life, requires an amount and versatility of talent, of mental energy and moral force, greater than is demanded for most public offices, and the performance of the greater

part of those public acts which in this country so engross the attention, fix and fill the admiration of the people.

But whether this be so or not, we can not doubt that he who is faithful and worthy in private life, whether his sphere be humble or exalted, is the centre and the source of a beneficent agency.

Piety to God, love to God's creatures, industry and perfect integrity in business, kindness in social intercourse, a tender and large-hearted sympathy with humanity, showing itself in a true public spirit, in valuable aid to all good institutions, in encouragement to deserving talent, in constant charities, and in kind visits and offices that are better than gifts of money, to the poor, the afflicted and suffering; strength, purity of principle, showing itself in self-government, in a reverence for law and order, in a life free from all the defilements of sensual passion, and marked by the daily beauty of holiness; in short, the unostentatious but real, solid, substantial virtues of a Christian character,—a character for which we have to make no qualifications, offer no apologies, which commands alike our profoundest reverence and our warmest love,—these make a man a real and large benefactor to his race, though he has walked ever in the humblest sphere of private life. From his example and character there has gone forth, and there goes forth continually, an influence, holy, animating, persua-

sive to goodness, to an extent of which we have no means or modes of measurement. It is an unknown quantity, whose amount and value no human equation can ascertain. Only God, who looketh into the heart, and seeth all the secret influences that move it, can measure and tell the good done by a really good man.

This good is not confined to his own life-time. As "none liveth," so "no man dieth to himself." As many eyes watch the good man while he lives, and many hearts daily turn to him with love and gratitude, so these eyes are wet with tears, and these hearts are filled with various thoughts and emotions when he dies. The influence of soul upon soul, character upon character, is diffusive and enduring. It has no limit but the broad range of humanity, and the wide boundaries of the spiritual world. It pervades all time, reaches from time to eternity, and comes back from Heaven to earth. It ceases not with this life. It gains strength, as life wanes and passes away. Death adds to its force; the grave gives it a power it did not possess before. The memory of the pious dead, whom we have honored, loved, revered, abides with us; the light of their example in which we have walked, still shines upon us; the recollection of their kindness which has gladdened our hearts, of their wisdom and counsel that have illumined our minds, of their holy and beautiful

characters, comes back to us from their tombs, with a charm we cannot and would not resist, with a hallowed, I had almost said, a divine power, which our souls would obey though a world rose up in arms against us. Oh, happy are we and blessed of God, when those whom we love depart, leaving behind them a hallowed memory and a holy example.

I can enter, and you, my friends, I am sure, can enter also, into that feeling of veneration for the holy dead, which in darker ages was exaggerated into gross superstition and idolatry. There is a true and just canonization of the dead, which we may and should make. No longer compassed by mortal infirmities, no longer exposed to temptation, weakness or sin, an everlasting seal is affixed to their characters; their virtues can know no tarnish, their good deeds are subject to no decline, their names are beyond the reach of earthly stain. The Church does right to commemorate her Saints. Their memory is among her choicest treasures. Their characters reflect back a moral glory on the Gospel, that made them what they were. Their lives are the best and the most unanswerable testimony to the divine origin of that Gospel, and their sanctified souls the richest purchase of the Saviour's blood.

Brethren, you understand the occasion that has called forth the thoughts I have offered. You have antici-

pated the application I would make of the emphatic declaration of the text. If ever any man lived and died in this community, in whom that declaration was exemplified and illustrated, we shall all admit, that he, whose image is in all our hearts, whose memory fills our thoughts, and whose absence this day from our assembly makes our Church seem solitary, though crowded,—so lived and so died. I come with no mournful requiem. I bring no wail of sorrow. However much my heart was impelled to this at first, when the announcement of his death broke upon us like a heavy shock through the early morning air, the reflections of Christian faith and hope have made me feel that there is a holier tribute than that of tears, that there is a loftier emotion than that of sorrow,—that gratitude, and not regret, that holy exultation and joy and triumph,—should swell our hearts as we contemplate one who so lived and so died. The life of a truly good man, calmly closed by death, is so much positive treasure added to the moral wealth of the world, whose value can not be gainsaid, or denied, or diminished. If there is any thing precious, any fruits springing up in the fields of time, worthy to be preserved, and over which we should, not weep, but rejoice, it is the memory of a true, single-hearted, devoted disciple of Christ, who has finished his work on earth, whose soul has been gath-

ered into the garners of eternity, his spirit joined forever to the "spirits of the just made perfect.."

I heard a voice saying unto me "Write from henceforth, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord—yea saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors."

Brethren, a great and good man,—great, I think, intellectually, and great because good,—a man widely known and largely honored and tenderly beloved,—a man belonging to the public though he held no public office,—a man in whom all felt that they had a property, because he loved and served them all; whom all miss and mourn, because all saw him daily in his walks of cheerful benevolence and holy living,—a beloved member and a devoted friend of this church, where he worshipped from the day that he came here to reside,—a true member of the great, spiritual, universal Church of Christ has been removed by death. We shall see his face no more on earth. I should be wanting to my own feelings of affection and reverence, I should disappoint your just expectation, I should fail of the religious improvement of the event, did I not refer with something more than a passing notice, to the character of the late Amos Lawrence.

The details of his life are few and simple, marked by no events or vicissitudes which would be called extraordinary. He was born in Groton, Massachusetts,

on the 22d of April, 1786. His ancestors were among the early settlers of the Groton plantation, and all through the records and history of the town the name of Lawrence holds an honorable place. His immediate parents, Samuel and Susan Lawrence, were most worthy and respectable persons, whom he ever loved and honored, whose characters were marked by the stern, lofty, uncompromising virtues of the early New England time, and whose example and influence did much to form and develope his own character.

His education,—all the education that he received,—consisted in the teachings of nature, in the impressions made upon him by all that was beautiful, noble and inspiring in the scenery amid which his boyhood was passed; in the influences of a happy Christian family, where intelligence and piety presided, and pure affections bound the members strongly together; and in such direct instruction in the rudiments of knowledge, as could then be obtained at the common schools of his native town. God's gifts and his own efforts were the source of all else that he acquired, became, or accomplished. Thus educated, he passed a brief period with a small trader in Dunstable, then entered as clerk or apprentice into a store in Groton, whence after a few years he came to this town, not, as originally intended, to remain permanently, but to

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acquire such additional knowledge of business, of business men, and of the world, as would qualify him to return to his native place, and there conduct successfully commercial pursuits.

A very few months, however, changed these plans. Strong in all those intellectual and moral qualities which the hardy and simple life of the country tends to foster and develope,—measuring himself by the men in business here at that day, younger or older than himself, and finding that he was fully their equal,—his views and aspirations enlarging as his intercourse with the world was extended, he soon came to the conclusion that this town was his place,—the sphere in which to put forth his energies, his activity and enterprise. After a brief period, therefore, spent in an inferior position, he commenced business for himself, with such capital as his own credit and character, and his father's honest name could procure; and from that hour his course was ever onward. I need not trace his commercial career before those, some of the elder of whom can remember every step of its honorable progress, and all of whom know how long the firm, of which he was the senior partner, has stood at the head of the commercial houses of our city. After more than twenty years of active, enterprising, sagacious and upright business life, in which he laid the foundation of an

ample fortune, and the broader and better foundation of an honored name in this community, an invalid state of health compelled him to retire from active pursuits and refrain from any very direct or frequent participation in commercial affairs. Always, from his early manhood, he was benevolent, sympathetic and public spirited. Even amid the pressing engagements of business, he failed not to aid in all noble efforts for noble ends. Since his retirement, he has devoted himself almost exclusively to works of benevolence and philanthropy. For the last twenty years to do good was his only business; an ample fortune, a large, generous, Christian heart, and health only sufficient for such an occupation, enabled him to conduct this business with eminent success, and to find in it his highest pleasure. In addition to large donations to public institutions, designed to commemorate patriotism or relieve suffering, or foster learning and religion—he has poured forth a constant stream of smaller charities. Feeling that his life hung on a thread, that every day might be his last, every day was marked by some errand of mercy, some expression of sympathy that gladdened the heart, or some substantial token of kindness that relieved the wants of the recipient. Thus passed his latter years in usefulness and honor, the love and gratitude of many hearts gathering around his name. At the close of a

day, marked like many of its predecessors, by thought and care for some whom the world had forgotten, he laid down to rest. Sleep, the sleep of a good conscience, of a cheerful, devout and trustful heart,—sleep, soft and gentle like that of innocence and childhood, came upon him; and from that sleep, after a brief, unconscious struggle, his spirit passed from earth,—leaving upon his countenance a look,

> "So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
> The first, last look by death revealed,"

that one could not but regard it as a reflection, and an assurance of the peace and joy of that spirit, in another world.

Such is a brief outline of the life of our departed friend. To complete the sketch and make it a finished portrait, full of the living colors of his whole character, as it lies in my mind after a close and intimate friendship, would require a long and nice delineation. I have only time now to notice some general qualities.

I have intimated that Mr. Lawrence was intellectually great. I think he was so. By this I do not mean, that he was a scholar or learned man, with a mind developed and disciplined by severe training, and enlarged by rich and varied culture in the various departments of human thought and study. This we know he was

not, although he was a man of considerable reading, who loved and appreciated the best books in English literature. But I mean that he was a man of great native vigor of intellect, whose mind was clear, strong, comprehensive in its grasp, penetrating, far-reaching in its observation, discerning and discriminating in its judgments, sagacious in its conclusions,—a mind which, if enriched with the requisite culture, and directed to such objects, would have made him eminent in any of the walks of literary or professional life, as without that culture, it did make him eminent in those walks of practical, commercial life to which he did direct it. I mention this, not to dwell upon it, but simply because some who have known him little, and that little only since disease had somewhat sapped his strength, may not do him justice in this respect. Those who remember his early manhood, who saw the strong, bold and vigorous tread with which he walked forward to his rightful place among the merchants of this City—those who remember the sagacity of his enterprises, his quick and accurate discernment of character, and the commanding influence he exercised over others, the ease and rapidity with which he managed the concerns of a large commercial establishment, and decided and despatched the most important commercial negotiation—these will be ready to admit that he was intellectually a strong

man. To the last, this vigor of intellect showed itself, if not always in his conversation, yet always in his letters, many of which will be found to have a force of thought, a fulness of wisdom and sound judgment, a terse, epigrammatic comprehensiveness of expression, of which no man, however distinguished for his learning and scholarship, would have need to be ashamed.

The merchants of this City have ever been distinguished, I believe, for their integrity and benevolence. Nowhere is wealth acquired by a more honest and healthy commercial activity; nowhere is a larger proportion of it devoted to all the objects which a wise philanthropy, an extended patriotism and a tender Christian sympathy would foster and promote. Mr. Lawrence was conspicuous for these qualities. His integrity, I may venture to say, stands absolutely unimpeached, without spot or blemish. His history as a merchant, from first to last, will bear the strictest scrutiny. Its minutest incidents, which have faded from the memory of those concerned, its most secret acts, those of which no human eye could take knowledge, might all be brought into the light before us, and like those, I trust, of many of his fraternity, they would seem only to illustrate the purity and integrity of his principles, the conscientious regard to truth, and right, and justice, with which he conducted all the negotia-

tions of business, and all the affairs of his life. He seemed ever to me to have a reverence for right, unalloyed, unfaltering, supreme,—a moral perception and a moral sensibility, which kept him from deviating a hair's breadth from what he saw and felt to be his duty. It was this that constituted the strength of his character, and was one of the great secrets of his success. It was this that secured him, when a young man, the entire confidence, and an almost unlimited use of the capital of some of the wealthiest and best men of that day.

Of his benevolence, to which I have already alluded, the evidence is in many institutions, and in multitudes of hearts, far and near, throughout the wide borders of our land. To go to work to prove it in this community, would be like bringing proof that the sun shines. It was a benevolence, however, not impulsive, but conscientious. He had warm affections, a tender, sympathizing heart. These mingled in his charities, but did not alone prompt them, direct or control them. He gave from principle and conscience, because he wished to be a faithful steward of the Lord's bounty. He gave as his judgment, and not alone as his feelings dictated, or as the feelings and wishes of others would sometimes have dictated to him. He preserved his independence and individuality of character even in

his charities. These charities were large, though their precise amount has probably not yet been ascertained or declared. When this is done, it will be found that few men, in their life-time, and while it was really theirs to give, have ever given away a larger amount of money in proportion to their property, or more completely justified the expression he often applied to himself, that "he had been his own executor," in regard to his charities.

But the benevolence of Mr. Lawrence was not confined to these charities, though these were a noble illustration of it. It beamed in his countenance, expressed itself in his manners, and found vent in all the tender sympathies of social intercourse. It manifested itself particularly in his interest in the young, in the extent to which he ever shared in their feelings, was sensible of their perils, and endeavored to guard them by the power of noble principles and generous affections. Those who were present at his funeral, and heard those youthful voices, and saw that youthful band gathering with their offerings of flowers, and singing their Christian requiem around his bier, will not soon forget the scene, or the lesson which it taught—will not doubt that the young loved him, and that not the least sphere of his usefulness was among *them*, in the extent to which his example, encouragement and

counsel strengthened them in the ways of virtue, inspired them with a love of God and goodness.

But the prominent feature in Mr. Lawrence's life and character, its inspiration and its guide, was religion,—religious faith, affection and hope. He loved God, and therefore he loved all God's creatures. He believed in Christ, as the promised Messiah and Saviour of the world, and therefore found peace and strength to his soul, amid all the perils, duties and sorrows of life.

His religious opinions lay distinct and clear in his own mind. They were the result of careful reading and of serious reflection, and were marked by a profound reverence for the sacred Scriptures, and the divine authority of Jesus Christ. A constant worshipper here, during the forty-six years of his residence in this City, for more than forty years of this period a communicant, and for more than ten, a deacon of this Church, resigning the office at length because of his invalid state of health, he had strong attachments to this house of God. "Our venerable Church," he says, in one of his notes to me, "has in it deeply impressive, improving, instructive and interesting associations, going back to the early days of my worshipping there; and the prayers of my friends and fellow-worshippers of three generations, in part now belonging there, come in aid of my weakness in time of need; and *no* other

spot, but that home where I was first taught my prayers, and this my domestic fireside, where my children have been taught theirs, has the same interest as our own old *Brattle Square Church.*"

But there was nothing narrow or sectarian about Mr. Lawrence's religious opinions or feelings. He had a large catholic spirit, which embraced within the arms of its love, and of its pecuniary bounty also, when needed, all denominations of Christians; and it is to be hoped that the influence of his example and character has done something, and will continue to do more, to rebuke that bigotry, which "makes its own light the measure of another's illumination." He took no pleasure in religious disputes or dissensions. The practical in Christianity was what interested him. His great aim was to illustrate his faith by his daily walk, and authenticate his creed by a life of practical usefulness, constant benevolence and cheerful piety. This aim he successfully accomplished, to the conviction of persons of all creeds and of every name. These will all give him a place in the Church Universal; will all admit that he was a noble specimen of a true Christian, a loving and believing disciple, who had the very spirit of the Master. That spirit pervaded his daily life, and formed the moral atmosphere in which he lived and breathed. It quickened in him all holy, devout and

pious affections, gave him a profound reverence, a cheerful submission, a bright and glorious hope—a hope that crowned every hour of life with gladness, robbed death of all terror, and in *his* soul brought Heaven down to earth.

I have thus given, (and this is all that could be given without too large a departure from the usual and appropriate services of the Lord's day,) a brief outline of the life, an imperfect portraiture of the character of our departed friend and fellow-worshipper, who for so many years has gone in and out before us in all the beauty of holiness, benevolence and Christian piety. His example should not, I trust it will not, be lost upon us or upon our community. He has gone, but that example, the fragrance of his memory, the lessons of his life and the admonitions of his death remain. Let us gather up these, and apply them to our hearts and consciences. We have met with a great loss. Death has snatched from us, one whose departure will be sorely felt and widely lamented, by many who saw him daily, and by many more who never saw him. His person was unknown to them, but his name was enshrined in the love and gratitude of their hearts. He will be missed by many, and in many places. He will be missed here in this house of worship, by all the members of this Church and Society, and we must all

unite our zeal, our fidelity and devotedness, to make his place good among us. He will be missed in our streets, where his cheerful presence has been so long known and noticed by all. He will be missed among the poor, and in our Hospitals and Asylums, where his frequent visits and presents brought a ray of light to many a darkened mind, and of gladness to many a sorrowing heart. He will be missed in the family circle, by the domestic fireside, where he was an object of the love, the reverence and the tenderest assiduities of those, whose bereaved hearts, not human sympathy, but divine help and consolations can alone comfort. But to all by whom he will be missed, the loss may be made a gain, if they will but be faithful. "Being dead he yet speaketh," speaketh with more power, more solemnly, more persuasively than when living. His death gives a sacredness to his memory, a moral force to his example and character, which they could not possess before. Let not the influence, then, of his life and of his death, be lost upon any of us. To the young let them be an incentive to virtuous principle, to manly effort, to early and consistent piety. To those who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, let them be a check to restrain, a guide to control them in the perilous paths of business and enterprise; and to the old, an admonition to have their hoary heads found in the way of

righteousness. To all of us, let them be a call to repentance and holiness of life. Blow after blow, calamity after calamity, bereavement after bereavement has Divine Providence sent to teach us the insecurity, the insignificance and the vanity of earthly things. Let us not be insensible to the divine teachings. Let us understand that "but one thing is needful," possessing which, we are rich though we have nothing else; destitute of which we are "poor indeed," though we hold in our hand title deeds to the property of the whole world. With an earnest purpose of heart, hearing ever the voices of those who through faith and patience have inherited the promises, saying unto us, "Come up hither," let us seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness thereof.

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